The Trade-In

Tear down a forest, pulp its wood to print,
And spend your paper money while you may,
Dig up the Earth, and smelt its ores to mint,
Then stash your precious Krugerrands away.
Drain marsh and swamp: rich reservoirs of life,
Build your apartments where trees used to stand,
Give the lynx to the taxidermist's knife,
And turn meadow and glade to dust and sand.
Let profit be your aim, and your excuse
Be progress, write that on your balance sheet,
Convince yourself such treasures are no use,
And, when the desolation is complete,
Sit back contentedly to count the cost
Of worthless booty for what's ever lost.